

Easily mastered by use of the format

one ceases in so far, forgives his principles as to treat the elephant he was riding by imitating the roar of a tiger. He, however, very nearly met with his death from the enraged animal, which never afterward forgot the insult. Elephants seem to be perfectly able to distinguish between those who hurt them out of malice and those who do so for their good, thus even a dangerous one submitted with perfect patience to have her wounds dressed with brandy and salt, although the remedy is exceedingly painful. One of the female elephants, "Maout Dar," gave a won-

intelligence when, instead of revenging herself on the mahout who had used the goad with great severity when she was making her escape from a tiger, she simply took it out of his hands with her trunk at the first opportunity, and threw it over the wall of the courtyard into a field which, intended for sheep,

Feathers and Fies in India.

I have had rare opportunities of collecting feathers, and I have many times begun a collection—only to abandon it, however, owing to the plague of insect and other causes. In the Straits of Malacca I collected the feathers of the Argus pheasants, of several birds of Paradise (sold by Maylays from Celebe and other islands), of the imperial pig-

birds, such as would rejoice the heart of a fisherman on a wet day with a heavy spate in the river, and nothing to do but overhaul his fly-book. But plague on white ants, carpenter-wasp and such like creatures!—my beautiful feathers of all colors in the rainbow went into their omnivorous stomachs and in many cases not even the bar quills remained to me. That some of them ought to have proved killing to

the fact of a mere bunch of these gaudy feathers, tied with a bit of twine to a book, having caught a big yellow nondescript fish in one of the many rivers on the Malay Peninsula. An Indian collection shared the same fate, for there is nothing this Indian *pooches*—hateful word—seem a fond of as feathers. It is next to impossible to keep tied flies in India. To say nothing of climatic influences separating the gut from the hook, *pooches*—*Ani*! ice insects—revel on the wings and bodies: nothing coming surfer to the

enough to purchase a dazzling collection of so-called "mabseer flies." They were as big as the Argus moth, and much resembled a collection of tropical butterflies in a glass case. What they cost I am ashamed to say. Suffice it to say that, if I could sell at the prices I bought at, I would instantly take to feather collecting as one of the most profitable occupations in the world. But what was my dismay to find that all the males I ever saw would not look at, much less take, a fly. There may be eccentric

they will take the Indian garb and be
of plaitain—but, as the rule, they do
the fly-maker's art, preferring soap
and phantoms. Well, all that dazzled
assortment of furs for the unsophisticated
called "masher" went to the *pouches*
and along with it went bundles of the
glorious golden and black feathers of
the Corican, the blues of the roller and
the kingfisher, the yellow of the oriole,
the rich grays of demigrey crane, the
hail of the peacock, the dapple of the
jungle cock and the blue-winged teal
the crest of the hoopoe, the pink of the
flamingo, the green of the parrot, the
sawed tail feathers of the little Andean

in fly-tig, or only fanciful. The fine feathers, the greater the destruction. But it would be possible, in this way, with the help of friendly sportsmen on the Himalayas and in Burma, to make such a collection of Indian feathers as would astonish the trade at home. The feathers would have to be sold, not down in the cases, and should be carefully cleaned and dusted with camphor before being placed in the case. —London Field.

a perpendicular surface, as I have observed it, is a vertical, undulating motion, not spiral, but straight up the face of the surface. I have seen black snakes glide up a peach tree with that easy, carefree manner of movement which is characteristic of the snake when moving over horizontal surfaces. The bark of the beech affords few inequalities into which the edges of the gastral bands could thrust claw-fa-hion, and I have no doubt that atmospheric pressure is the force that holds the snake against such surfaces in climbing, sucker-fashion, as the boy lifts the brick with the piece of wet leather. I once knew a black

second-story window, and another I stepped up to the eaves of a carriage-house for the swallows' nests; straight up the up-and-down boards. I have been there, gliding from trees to trees, and down near the top of large trees, but never saw one descend by climbing down a smooth, perpendicular surface. I have no doubt of their ability to do so, however. I do not believe that their power is enayed by the copperhead, rattlesnake, or any venomous sort with which I am familiar, they being hard and sluggish in their movements. I have seen a snake, a leopards' and a lion's, slip into the foliage of bushes, however. — *E. A. Mearns*.

"Where is it?" he inquired.
"On the fifth floor," responded the clerk.
"Thanks," he said, sarcastically, then came to go to Heaven, just now.
"There's no danger, sir."
"Don't be too tipsy, young man; you'll lose a room or high price."
"It is a pleasant one, sir, and the price is an elevator."
"Well, sir, I'd have you know I was a second-floor front roomer. I'm proud to dwell at New York bank, sir. I'd like to know."
"What?" replied the clerk, standing back.
"I'm President of the New York bank," he repeated, loftily. Glicking had knocked his nose out.
"Ah, indeed? Here, John, we're going," said the high price man.
Draper.